

Mistletoe Mischief by the_strange_bookworm

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Gen, Little Kisses, Secret Santa, but the whole party's just having fun, fluffy christmas fic, just cute fluffiness, sort of mileven and lumax themed

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Erica Sinclair (mentioned), Holly Wheeler, Jonathan Byers (mentioned), Karen Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler (mentioned), Steve Harrington (Mentioned), Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven/Mike Wheeler, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair

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Summary:

Christmas 1985

The Party spend Christmas together at the Wheelers' and a plan is brewing to get Hawkins' own Madmax and Stalker to get together.

Mistletoe Mischief

Author's Note:

Merry Christmas from the bookworm and oh my god it is the anniversary of the first fic I ever posted! Here's to one year of writing about this crazy show that's taken over our lives!

Again, it's past Christmas but I just had to post this. My last Christmas fic was Mileven-centric and while there will be some Mileven in here, this is mostly about the whole Party and how Lucas and Max get together. I'm sorry I haven't posted in forever but you know how motivation is. Sometimes it's just...not there. Anyway enjoy, and again Merry Christmas!

1985 brought one of the coldest, snowiest winters Hawkins had ever seen. But that didn't do much to dampen the town's Christmas spirit. Trees stood in shop windows, Christmas lights strung everywhere, mistletoes hanging in doorways, and the sweet voices of carolers filled the night air...

...drowning out the noises coming from the Wheelers' basement.

"*Fireball him, Will!*"

"I haven't rolled anything higher than a 12 all night! I'm not taking chances now!"

"Then confuse it! Cast protection or a smoke screen!"

"Oh no, we are *not* having this conversation again!"

"This is a 'conversation'?"

"In most campaigns, yes El. *But the serpent has grown tired of playing with its food! It poises itself for the death blow!*"

"NO! Fireball him *now!*"

"I-uh-Max, do something!"

"I'm a ranger with super speed! What can I *do*?!"

"Will come on!"

"And-"

"FIREBALL!"

The dice fell from Will's hands and revealed...a 13. The Party cheered and hooted in victory (except El, who sat by laughing at her friends' antics).

"Will the Wise pulls off a perfect shot, bringing the monster to the ground!" Mike narrated, falling on his hands and knees. "Barely alive, it attempts to crawl back into its cave, only to be stopped by the valiant rangers who sever its head, bringing the beast to a gruesome end." Mike collapsed dramatically, arms splayed out beside him.

"Oh, cut it with the theatrics, Wheeler!" Max shouted, throwing a pillow at his head.

"Ow!" They all laughed as El helped Mike back onto his Dungeon Master chair. Mike could barely contain his excitement as he turned to her.

"So now you know how it works, and you've seen us play it a hundred times." He held onto both her hands. "Do you think you can do it, El? Can you be our mage?"

El made a show of thinking about while the Party held their breath. Then she nodded enthusiastically.

"YES!" the Party cheered and gathered around the table once more.

"This is going to be the best campaign EVER!" Dustin yelled.

The basement door burst open. "Kids!" Karen shouted from the doorway. "Time to open your presents!"

They all groaned while Mike protested, "Mom, we're just about to

start another campaign!"

"Another?!" Karen exclaimed. "You've been down there playing *all day!*"

"But Mom-"

"No more buts. You promised your sister you would open your presents with her. So *come upstairs!*"

"We just-"

Karen gave Mike The Look, and he relented. "Okay, we'll be up in a second," he told her, starting a wave of protests from the rest of them. Karen walked away, leaving Mike to deal with his friends.

"My little sister asked me to open presents with her. What was I supposed to do?" he said in defense.

"But it's *El's first campaign!*" Max responded.

"It's okay," El spoke suddenly. "Mike promised Holly. We'll play after." The group fell silent. Mike smiled gratefully at El while Dustin muttered something about "taking her boyfriend's side".

"I heard that," Mike said. "Now let's go. The sooner we get this done, the sooner we can play."

They stood and trudged up the basement stairs. Mike and El hung back to talk.

"Do we do it now?" El asked.

"Later," Mike replied. "After presents we execute Operation Mistletoe."

Lucas and Max had been denying the truth for over a year. After that kiss at the Snow Ball, everyone thought they'd get together. But nothing happened and the two were being as stubborn as ever, burying their feelings. Mike and El were tired of it (everyone was, really) and formulated Operation Mistletoe to put an end to the pining.

After going over the plan again, they joined the others upstairs. El was glad to see them not sulking and instead playing with Holly in a sea of Christmas wrapper.

"There you are!" Lucas said loudly when he saw them. "You guys weren't making out were you? I'm pretty sure we removed all the mistletoe from the basement."

"Shut up dude, you're disgusting!" Mike shot back, blushing. "Well, are we opening *our* gifts or just Holly's?"

"Yeah, come on, Will. Playtime's over," Dustin said and nudged Will's arm.

"I'm almost done with the wing!" he replied from where he was helping Holly color a big butterfly on her new coloring book. They laughed and moved to the couch. "Ok I'm done! Wait for me!"

Mike, El, and Dustin settled on the couch while Will, Lucas, and Max sat on the floor. A pile of gifts lay between them. Mike had suggested a Secret Santa and all of them were eager to find out who their 'Santa' was.

First up was Dustin. He dug through the gifts and squealed. "*What the hell is this?!*" He pulled out a bucket of quarters with his name on it. "Oh my god, *Lucas?! I'd recognize your handwriting anywhere!*"

"A month's worth of arcade money, so you don't have to keep using up mine," he chuckled as Dustin hugged the bucket to his chest, looking like he was on Cloud 9.

"Thanks *so much*, man. How much yard work did you have to do for this?"

Next up was El, who got a large box of eggos and a detailed drawing of the whole party, including her as mage. El knew they could've only come from one person. "Thank you, Will," she whispered as she hugged him tightly.

"Hey, I should still be thanking you for saving my life, twice! And you're basically like my sister now!"

Mike ended up getting a blue and red striped shirt from Max, to whom he said, "I have this shirt already!"

"Oh god dammit, of course you do!"

"Hey don't mock me! Stripes are cool!"

The Party was rolling around in laughter at the mishap. Mike rolled his eyes but smiled warmly at Max. "Thanks anyway, Madmax."

"No problem, Wheeler."

When they had all stopped laughing, Will opened his gift and got a set of coloring pencils from Dustin. "Oh wow! Thanks dude, these are great!" he exclaimed and immediately began planning out his next project.

Dustin grinned. "Anything for our Will the Wise."

After Will, it was Lucas' turn. Mike and El shared a knowing look as he tore open the gift. "No way," he said with a grin. He held up the gift. "A camo controller?"

"From me," Mike said proudly. "It was the last in the store and I just had to get it for you."

"Thank you, Mike. This is awesome!"

"Hey, that's funny," Max chuckled. Lucas looked at her and saw that she had already opened her gift. "El, you got me a controller too?" Max's controller was plain black, decorated with skateboard and "ZOOM!" stickers El picked out herself.

Dustin laughed. "I guess soulmates think alike," he said.

"I said *shut up!*" Mike groaned. He turned to Max and Lucas, who now had suspicious looks on their faces. "You guys want to try it out on the Atari?"

"Hell yeah! Galaga?" they said at the same time. They paused and turned to each other.

"Uh, yeah all right, Galaga," Lucas said. Max smiled then grabbed his hand, pulling him towards the basement.

Dustin chuckled and muttered softly to Will, "Told you, soulmates think alike."

Lucas and Max paused at the basement stairs and looked back at their friends still standing in the living room. "You guys aren't coming?" Max asked.

"I'm going to play with Holly," El said, standing up and walking out of the living room. Mike followed after her as Dustin and Will caught on.

"We'll stay up here for a while," Will said. "Just tell us when you're done playing."

Max frowned. "Aren't you-"

"Just go on!" Dustin interrupted, striding to them and practically shoving through the doorway. He shut the door behind them as the two walked down the stairs, very confused.

Once in the basement, Max sat on the floor while Lucas plugged in the Atari. "Well, that was weird," she remarked. "Right?"

"Yeah...weird," Lucas agreed. "It's like they..." He chuckled nervously.

"Like they want us alone or something," Max finished for him. They looked at each other, both very much aware of what was going on but neither of them saying anything. At one point, someone blinked and they both realized they were staring and looked away. Lucas sat down quite awkwardly next to Max as the game started.

After a minute, the game took away some of the awkwardness and they were back to their regular competitive selves, teasing and throwing comments back and forth to try to distract the other. So, it took them a while to notice the little object that was floating directly above their heads.

Lucas was the first to look up. A flustered expression overcame his face. "Is that...?" he trailed off.

Max looked up as well and blushed. *Mistletoe*. It didn't seem to be hanging from anything, held in the air by an invisible force. Max sighed in annoyance. *The mistletoe prank? Are you kidding me, El?*

"Really guys?" she yelled out loud. "El? I can't believe you-"

She didn't because suddenly there were lips on her lips and it took a moment for her to register that *Lucas was kissing her* and to kiss back. Then it was over, as quickly as it started, and they sat flushed and face to face, the game of Galaga forgotten.

A beep from the game snapped them out of their trance, but they didn't look away. Lucas grinned. "I win," he said, barely above a whisper. They chuckled softly and finally looked away, cheeks growing increasingly red.

"That'll be the only time, Sinclair," Max replied.

"Well anyway, it was a fair game," Lucas said, and held out his hand.

Max smiled and shook it. "Fair game." They kept their hands clasped between them. Neither wanted to let go just yet. They were about to lean in again when-

"Hey, if you guys aren't too busy kissing, maybe you can join us outside! We're having a snowball fight!"

Mike threw open the basement door and Max and Lucas jumped two feet apart. El stood behind Mike and giggled at the reactions of their friends. The two glared at them and stood up. "Good job, guys," Lucas said sarcastically.

"Just get your asses up here so we can win this, alright?"

A few minutes later, an all out war was being waged in the Wheelers' front yard between the Party, and Nancy, Jonathan, and Steve helping out Holly and Erica. Dustin was calling Steve a traitor, Nancy was chasing down Mike with an armful of snow, and snowballs were levitating everywhere. It was a good thing no one else was outside that night.

They played for 15 minutes before collapsing on the snow from

exhaustion. All of them went back inside to escape the cold, well, all except Lucas and Max. El watched them talking in the snow from the doorway. She was joined by Mike as Max laughed and hugged Lucas.

"Did it work?" Mike asked.

El shrugged. "Looks like it. They look really happy."

Mike wrapped an arm around her shoulders and smiled. "Mission accomplished," he said.

He heard El clear her throat and looked down at her, confused. She pointed up at a mistletoe floating above their heads. Mike chuckled and brought a hand to her chin. "If you insist."

Mike started to lean in, El's eyes fluttered shut, and-

"Hey lovebirds! Quit letting the cold air in!"

The couple rolled their eyes and pulled away. "*Dustin!*"

"Mike, El, there are children here."

"Oh shut up," El said, flinging the mistletoe at Dustin's face. They called Lucas and Max in and went back to the warmth of the house. As they walked back to the sounds of laughter, El heard Mike whisper in her ear, "Merry Christmas, El."

El smiled and whispered back, "Merry Christmas, Mike."